

of His Millions?



Holding the picture of the little Duke in one hand and the portrait of her own son Herbert in the other, Mrs. Thomas said: "Emanuel's got the name, the family and title—but it don't count! It's the money that counts! AND MY BOY WILL HAVE THE SHONTS MONEY."

—From statement by Rosalie Stegner, companion of Mrs. Thomas and governess for her boy Herbert.



Herbert Thomas, the son of Amanda C. Thomas by her second husband.

little grandson Emanuel? Does it seem probable and natural, as Jules the butler says, that Mr. Shonts stood in contemplation of the portrait of his little grandson and said, and meant it when he said it, that that child should have his backing and his money?

And is there independent evidence that Shonts, as a matter of fact, really was warmly interested in that child? Here is an extract from a letter Shonts wrote his daughter Marguerite in 1915, where he sends a message to his daughter Theodora, the Duchess, whose pet family name was Toosie:

January 7, 1915.

My Dear Marguerite:

Tell Toosie I have to-day bought two more I. M. 4½ per cent bonds for the boy—paying a little less than 74 for same. This makes the present market value of his holding \$26,300 and present income \$1,855 per annum.

Lovingly,

PAPA.

Miss Marguerite Shonts, Aiken, S. C.

Inclosure.

Here then is direct evidence that Shonts was laying aside some money for Emanuel which should be the child's own. Up to January, 1915, according to Shonts's own written statement, he had on hand for his grandson \$26,300.

Where has that money gone?

Not one word of any such fund is mentioned in Shonts's remarkable "last will," which Amanda Thomas has filed as her claim for the Shonts fortune.

Does it seem reasonable or unreasonable that Shonts, if in his right mind, without undue influence, ever meant to cut off that poor, helpless grandson and cheat him out of even the amount of money which his grandfather himself said he was laying aside for him?

Has a cruel wrong been done that poor child?

Rosalie Stegner tells what she asserts she heard Mrs. Thomas say about seeing to it that little Emanuel should never get a dollar of Shonts's money.

Jules Bizeul corroborates Miss Stegner as to Mrs. Thomas's feelings toward Emanuel and Mr. Shonts's devotion to the child.

And just at that very time, 1915, appears Shonts's own letter telling of a growing fund for the child, which had already reached the sum of more than \$25,000.

Where has that money gone?

And two years later grandpa Shonts writes this interesting letter to little Emanuel:

January 9, 1917.

My Dear Grandson.

I enjoyed the picture you sent me very much, and thought it was becomingly framed. Am glad to note you selected the frame yourself. Your selection indicates good taste.

I am still more pleased at the steady improvement in your writing and spelling, as well as your style of expressing yourself. If these are indicative of your general improvement, you must be doing very well in all your studies. In fact, I am quite proud of your seeming progress.

You are now getting to be quite a big boy. The next time you are here you must come down and see me, as you have, no doubt, many things you would like to tell me, and I should like to talk with you.

I have not been very well of late. The doctors agree it is the result of the terrible strain during the months of the strike recently passed. However, I believe I am beginning to improve.

I remain, with much love,
Your grandfather,

T. P. SHONTS.

Mr. Emanuel de Chaunles.

Where is little Emanuel's money?

Is it hidden in the residue and remainder of the Shonts estate which will go to "my friend Amanda Thomas" under the terms of that astonishing "last will" which the Thomas woman and her friends have produced to crowd the widow out of any share in her husband's fortune?

In the words of Rev. Dr. Straton in his recent sermon

"If the wronged wife is finally robbed, and the other woman gets this money, will not the tendency be for every weak girl in the city to ask herself the question, 'If she did these things and got away with it, and now flourishes, why may not I?'"

Will Amanda Thomas "get away with it?" Will the courts let her keep the widow's natural share of the Shonts millions and in addition to this keep also little Emanuel's money?

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

Mr. Shonts's grandson, Emanuel. This child's full name and title is: Emanuel Theodore Bernard Marie d'Albert de Luynes d'Ailly, Tenth Duc de Chaunles and Tenth Duc de Picquigny.

over the would give him some attention that afternoon. Once or twice I remember hearing Mrs. Thomas say that she wished Mr. Shonts could take the boy into the apartment and keep him for a while, because he was such a pitiable little thing that he needed a real mother's intelligent, tender care—"the kind I could give him, Teddy."

"I guess you're right," Mr. Shonts would usually reply. "It's too bad you can't have him around and give him the attention he needs."

But after a time I noticed a considerable change in the attitude of Mrs. Thomas toward the child Mannie when he spoke of the boy in Mr. Shonts's presence. She gradually dropped the motherly tone and suggestion of maternal interest and concern and began to quite frankly shake her head and tell Mr. Shonts that she was afraid there was too much to bother with such a child. From this attitude of hopelessness and despair at the future of the child she took on a tone of irritation and disgust at the boy and his other and grandmother and all connected with it, even ridiculing the Duke's foreign relatives and making fun of his title and the famous de Chaunles family of France.

In Mr. Shonts's absence Mrs. Thomas at times would speak with entire frankness to me about her hostility to Mr. Shonts's grandson, Emanuel, and of her plans for her own boy, Herbert Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas was very ambitious for the future of her son Herbert. "I want Herbert to be a big man—a big man like Mr. Shonts. He will not have to start in life as Mr. Shonts did, because he will have a great deal of money and will be educated to handle it. Herbert will not have to work, but I don't want him to be an idler. He will have the means to give him the advantage of other men, so that he ought to make a big politician or professional man. And I don't want him to grow up in such a way that he will fill his head with women—women, you know, have ruined many rich men." I have often thought of that remark.

"Quite often Mrs. Thomas swore violently in the presence of her son Herbert. One day the boy asked me, 'Why does mother swear so often—I don't hear other women swear?' Why can't I swear, too, like mother and Teddy?" "A few days later we were all startled at the dinner table when Herbert suddenly said:

"Mother, when's Teddy going to bring that d—brat Mannie up to see me again?"

"Mr. Shonts dropped his knife and stared at Herbert in startled surprise. His mother was disconcerted for a moment, and then to my astonishment looked Mr. Shonts in the eye and said, 'There, see, Herbert has got his number already.' Mr. Shonts sighed and made no comment.

"One morning at the breakfast table I recall with great vividness. Mr. Shonts had finished his breakfast

and had left for downtown. Mrs. Thomas was lingering over her cup of coffee and reading something in the morning paper when the mail was brought in, which had arrived unusually late that day. Running over the different letters, Mrs. Thomas's eye was attracted by a little package with a foreign stamp, and she knew at once that it was from Mr. Shonts's daughter Theodora, the Duchess de Chaunles, in Paris. Tearing open the envelope, Mrs. Thomas drew forth a photograph of the little Duke Emanuel, and studied it intently. It happened that she also had a new photograph of her own son Herbert on the table nearby. Reaching for the photograph of Herbert, she held the picture of the little Duke in one hand and the portrait of her own son Herbert in the other, and seemed lost in deep thought and contemplation. Finally she said, as if soliloquizing to herself:

"Herbert is certainly better looking! Looks brighter, looks as if he had more sense, more strength—certainly is handsomer than Emanuel. Emanuel's got the name. Got the family and title. But it don't count. It don't count. It's the money that counts, it sure is the money that counts! Mannie can have his title, BUT MY BOY WILL HAVE THE SHONTS MONEY!"

"Tossing the picture aside, Mrs. Thomas seemed to awake from her reverie and soliloquy, and looking up at me smiled and said, 'Yes, Herbert will have the Shonts money!'"

"But Mr. Shonts surely will leave most of his fortune to Mrs. Shonts and her daughters—and so Emanuel will not be poor after all," I said.

"Will he?" Mrs. Thomas said. "You think he will? Well, I am going to see that Emanuel does not get one dollar!"

But was Miss Stegner dreaming? Is this all a mistake—an injustice to Mrs. Thomas?

Was Amanda sincerely devoted to Emanuel? Did she honestly interest herself in the child's behalf? Did Mrs. Thomas truly love Shonts and therefore have all best wishes for his little grandson?

Or is the sinister picture which Miss Stegner sketches true—the scheming adventuress plotting to destroy the future prospects of one child so that the coveted millions should be diverted to her own child?

Is there any other evidence which corroborates Miss Stegner? Well, here is a statement from Jules Bizeul, the butler at that same West End avenue apartment:

"In the West End avenue building where Mr. Shonts and Mrs. Thomas lived hung a portrait of the young Duke de Chaunles, Mr. Shonts's grandson. I don't recall the name of the artist who painted this portrait. Mr. Shonts often sat before this painting when Mrs. Thomas wasn't around and seemed to be in meditation. He appeared to

be more than interested, rather fascinated, I might say, by this childish face and figure, as if it held for him the realization that there, hanging before him, was the image of his own grandson—his own flesh and blood.

"A fine boy, Jules," he said to me many times.

"Yes, sir, a fine boy, sir," I would always reply.

"Do you think he will be able to make a real man of himself, Jules?" Mr. Shonts asked me once.

"Yes, I think he should, sir—certainly with your help, sir," I replied. Then Mr. Shonts sat for a while, and after a moment he said, 'He will have my help, Jules, of course. I want him to be a credit to the Shonts blood that is in him. He must be a forceful, pitiless, powerful business man. He's gentle looking, but I believe he's got a little of the bulldog in him, Jules—what do you think?'"

"Yes, sir," I replied, 'a bit of the Shonts bulldog, sir.' And Mr. Shonts turned and looked at me with a smile. He told me once he liked to have people call him a bulldog.

"I have seen Mrs. Thomas standing before this same painting—oh, I should say twenty times or more. It seemed to possess a fascination for her also—but in a different way.

"A little half-breed Duke!" she said one day in my presence as she looked at the portrait. 'The Honorable little Mr. Emanuel of the French nobility! The little rat!'"

"And then Mrs. Thomas made the queer little motion with her lips which I have seen her do many, many times as if spitting at the picture.

"On another occasion I had made some pleasant observation in regard to the French nobility and the little Duke and his mother, the Duchess—I am, of course, a Frenchman myself.

"So you think Emanuel's mother is a fine woman, eh, Jules," said Mrs. Thomas. 'Well, I'd a lot rather be known as Mrs. Shonts than as the Duchess de Chaunles. Mr. Shonts is a millionaire. The Duke de Chaunles was a pauper. It's money that counts, you know, Jules, not the name.'

"Yes, madame," I replied, 'money is important, and it will be indeed hard for a boy like the young Duke to make his way in the world if he doesn't have money. Emanuel will have to live up to the high traditions of his distinguished ancestors.'

"And do you think that little brat ever will?" she asked me.

"He has excellent blood and important friends and relatives."

"What can he ever amount to without a lot of Mr. Shonts's money to help him out? What's he good for except to marry some rich girl?"

Does it seem natural or unnatural to believe that President Shonts would take a grandfatherly interest in his